THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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GEORGE DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
ROBERT PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS OF NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1658.

Choice Poetry.

SLEEP SWEETLY, GENTLE CHILD.

FROM THE TRIBUNE.

[The early child of the Governor Gamble, who died here on Margaret Fuller, in the Fuller cemetery, at Mount Auburn, N. H. There is a sympathy of feeling about the grave, and a mute eloquence in the sod, with a stone and lily sculptured upon it, more than language.—Ed. Journal of Religion.] In memory of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, who was born at Boxti, in Italy, on the 23d of September, 1810 and perished by shipwreck off Fire Island, with both his parents, Giovanni Angelo and S. Margaret Fuller Ossoli, on the 19th of July, 1850."

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! the cold, blue wave
That rolled o'er thee in thy early grave,
The cold winds rushed then on the ocean's breast
And strange, wild murmurs o'er its dark, blue deep
Were the last sounds that lull'ed thee to thy rest,
And while the mourners wrote above thee rolled,
No longer, that loved form that grew still and cold.

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! though the loved tone
That thrice invoke thee hath looked thee to
repose
And given no answer to the tearful moan
That faintly from thy sea-moss pillow rose:
Yet might the wind that restlessly looked o'er
Toss the vast wrecks that floated in the sea.

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! the cold, blue wave
Hath pitied the sad sigh that the wild winds bore,
And from the wreck it held one treasure gave
To rite that should sometimes weeping on the shore
Let the sweet tears shed gave it its precious meed,
While mourning hearts weep o'er thy silent dust.

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! Love's heart may shed
Upon the gratitude of full Mother's flowers
And the full harvest of a storm-tide lay lonely
Through all our Summer's glad and pleasant
hours;
For thy wake and for here who strope tenderly the
Waves,
Shall bring flowers to fade upon thy grave.

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! the warm wind sighs
Round the dark grave through this quiet dell;
And yet only waves the light flowers that rise
Upon the white leaved lily's outstretched bell.
Thou "Lily-fay" of flowers! thou, too, art in grave;
Sleep sweetly here, loved, lost and wept Nogene!

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! this peaceful rest
Is only entry there to a home more fair
Where all sin and woe is, for ever blessed.
Then sleep sweetly, gentle child! the waters that
The love that bears thee to that blessed shore
Where the lost shall be found, the grieft and woe of this
Lowell Mercury, Mass. Jr. Sept. 1851. JULIET

Original Novelet.

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
Author of "Linda," "Lovell," "Marcus Warland," etc.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Lindsay & Blakiston, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

It was a lovely summer afternoon, and Arthur sauntered with Helen and Alice through a grove and green and wild grass of his native place. The local attachments were exceedingly strong, for they were identified with the sacred and sacred associations. There was a history attached to every rock and tree and flower, which made it beautiful and interesting than all others.

"Here, Alice," he would say, "look at that prominent tree, for father used to sit under its shade and sketch the outline of his mansion. And there, Helen, is the very spot where I used to pore thoughts mingled with the incense that rose from the leaves of nature."

Then Alice would drop her fair arms round a tree, and laying her soft cheek against the bark, would gaze upward with a look of rapture at her, who had died are she beheld the light; till she never had beheld it; but my the bark beneath the slightest motion of the wind.

"Helen, do you see that bustling rock, half-buried with lichens and moss, hanging over a bursting stream? It was there I used to sit, when a little boy, behind that shelf of turf and fantastic looking tree, with head in hand, but studying most of all from the great book of nature, that lay before me. If I were like to be so old now, though I may have endeared to the little world's sad, I want to see the bank and there myself once more on the sloping rock where I made my boyhood's dreams."

While he was speaking, he led Alice and Helen on to the very verge of the rock, and looked down on the waterfall, tumbling below. Helen looked down also, but holding, with perfect confidence, her brother's hand, she gazed, admired and shuddered, and her cheek turned pale by turns.

"We are close to the edge, brother—I know it by the sound of your voice," said Alice. "It is like a dream to look down and realize that it is a water-fall."

"Do you not fear, Alice?" asked her brother, loving her still a little nearer.

"Oh, no," she answered, with a radiant smile, "not when I feel your hand and hear your encouraging me? I know you would not lead me into danger. You would never let me fall."

"Do you hear her?" asked he, looking reverentially at Helen. "Do you not feel that I believe that I would willingly expose you to danger or suffering?"

His sister looked up to him, and Helen believing him sincere, sighed, and turned away to hide the tears that swelled into her eyes. In a moment, however, Arthur led them away from the edge of the rock to a little, sunny bower beyond, which Alice called her bower, and to which she and Helen had made a bed of moss, and adorned it with shells. Helen stood a moment alone on the rock, in deep meditation. She thought of the inhabitant of a desert island. She thought of Arthur alone and friendless, among savages, tawny tribes, gurgling waters, and sweet, singing birds, and their charms to her. Slowly leaving her reverie, she followed them, and was struck with the serenity of Mrs. Hardcastle without her company. Sitting in the garden, making a basket, Arthur, which she intended to give as a present to Helen, when he returned. She did not suspect that her brother still loved her, when she was surprised by seeing Arthur alone.

"Where is Alice?" inquired she.

"Alice!" repeated she, "I left her in the woods with you."

"Yes! but I left her there also, in the interval of mass, supposing you would soon return to her."

"Left her alone!" cried Helen, wondering why Arthur, who seemed to idolize his lovely, blind sister, could have been so careless of her safety.

"Alice is not afraid to be alone, Helen, she assured that God is with her. But it will soon be night, and she must not remain in the dark, damp woods much longer. You will go back and accompany her home, Helen, before the night-dew falls!"

Helen's heart died within her at the mere thought of intending alone such a path so densely shaded, and of passing over that bustling rock beneath the greatest, fearless looking trees. It would be so dark before she returned! She went to the window and looked out, then turned towards him with such a timid, wistful look, it was astonishing how he could have resisted the mute appeal.

"Make haste, Helen," said he, gently, "it will be death if you do not."

"Will you not go with me?" she at length summoned resolution to say.

"Are you afraid to go, Helen?"

She felt the dark power of his eye to her inmost soul. Death itself seemed preferable to his displeasure.

"I am afraid," she answered, "but I will go, since you will it."

"I do wish it," he replied, "but I leave it to your own will to accompany her or not."

Helen could not believe that he really intended she should go alone, when he had left his sister behind. She was about to have would entertain her before she reached the narrow path she so much dreaded to traverse. She went on very rapidly, looking back to see if he were not behind, listening to hear if her voice were not called by his well-known voice. But she heard not his footsteps, nor the sound of his voice. She heard nothing but the wind sighing through the trees, or the notes of some solitary bird, seeking its nest among the branches.

"Arthur is not kind, to-day," thought she. "I wonder what has changed him so. It was not my place to go after Alice, when he left her himself in the woods. What right has he to command me so? And how foolish I am to obey him, as if he were my master and lord!"

She was at that very angry with Arthur, and anger always gives one strength and power. Any excited passion does. She ran on, almost forgetting her fears, and the shadowy objects that up by she met them face to face. Then she thought of Alice alone in the wilderness—so blind and helpless. Perhaps she would be frightened at the darkening solitude, and try to find her path homeward, on the edge of that slippery, beetling rock. With no hand to sustain, no eye to guide, how could she help falling into the watery chasm below? In her fears for Alice, she forgot her own imaginary danger, and flew on, seeming her voice before her, hearing it and trembling tones the sweet name of Alice.

She reached the spot, and paused under the tree that hung so darkly over it. The water fell sounded so much louder than when she stood there last, that every step of her mother, unaccustomed, she were threatening to dash her headlong down. They had an angry, quick tent roar, and keeping close in a line with the tree, she hurried on to the silver bower Alice had described, and which she had seen her sister, stinging to the hand of Arthur. Helen had to lift up her voice and call aloud several times at the entrance of the arbor, and only shivers of terror ran through her frame, for no voice responded to her own. She was glad to hear the silence all the way round with the name of Alice.

"If she is not here, she is dead," she cried, "and I will lie down and die, too; for I cannot survive her."

Creeping slowly in, with suppressed breath and trembling limbs, she discovered no one, and while lying on the bed of moss, so still and white, that it might have been mistaken in the dusk for a corpse, she heard a low and mournful sigh. All the old superstitions implanted in her childhood by Miss Thusa's terrific legends, seized upon her imagination. Anything white and still, reminded her of the terrible—the ghosts—the unburied dead. She thought of her dead mother, and sunk overpowered by the fearful associations of death. If it was Alice lying there, she must be dead, and how could she approach scarce and encounter that cold form which had once contained a spirit so full of life? Then the thought of Alice's death was almost as terrible as that of her buried her out of herself. The grief of Arthur—the agony of his mother; it was too terrible to think of. Springing into the arbor, she was by to the white object, and kneeling down, beheld Alice, clothed in her white robe, and with her pure thoughts mingled with the incense that rose from the leaves of nature.

"Alice, Alice, would you have her fair arms round a tree, and laying her soft cheek against the bark, and her pale, delicate lips pressed to the rough surface, she had died ere she beheld the light; till she never had beheld it; but my the bark beneath the slightest motion of the wind.

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Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	- - -	$5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

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All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

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We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct. E. S.

OUR NOVELETS.

We shall forward the back numbers of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet,

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL,

to new subscribers, until further notice.

For the benefit of strangers who may chance to see the present number of the Post, we may state that, at the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT,

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And follow that by another novelet from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS; A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are now publishing a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

by GRACE GREENWOOD. The series will include "letters from Rome, Naples, Florence, Switzerland, France and England."

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and essays from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

We were wondering, the other day, where Bayard Taylor had strayed to. We had not heard of him so long, that we did not know but what he had been made a prominent object of attraction at some New Zealand or Patagonian banquet—but, picking up the New York Tribune, we found his *seventy-seventh* letter, dated from Bombay, on the third of last January.

Clippings.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

MECILLA VALLEY.

WOMAN.

FICTION AND FACT.

CORRUPTION.

New Publications.

Our Correspondents.

THE MAD STONE.

THE STARS.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

Clippings.

Miscellaneous.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1853.

General News.

AUSTRALIA.

A PRINTER'S ACCOUNT OF IT.

A New York printer, now in Australia, writes from Melbourne, Nov. 15, as follows:

Immediately upon landing I looked out for a boarding house, but met with no success, as every place was as full as it could be, and thousands of people were living in tents in and about the city. However, I wandered a mile or two out of town, and contrived to get into a shed, at the moderate rent of £2 2s. per week. * * * There are but two newspapers in the place, and two jobbing offices. [The writer was lucky enough to get a situation on a daily paper shortly after arriving, and considers it a piece of good fortune most "unaccountable."] Our paper pays 2s. 6d. per 1,000 ems, and 2s. 6d. per hour, or £6 per week ($30.) I can earn as many pounds here as I could dollars in New York.

There is not another paper, that pays so high a price, and we have to labor under many disadvantages. We have no water and no gas. There are quite as many compositors walking about the streets idle as there are employed. Thousands of poor creatures land in this city with scarcely five dollars to bless themselves, and by the time they have had a few meals they are without a farthing. Nearly all my fellow passengers went to the diggings, and several have returned quite discouraged. They say those who are there are barely making their ex-

[illegible]

THE WALDENSES.

[illegible]

EUROPEAN NEWS.—In the House of Commons on the 16th ult., Sir H. [illegible] ment whether, in the [illegible] United States, or with [illegible] States, the rights and in[illegible] of British subjects in H[illegible] Britain's ancient ally, the [illegible] coast, had been preserve[d] [illegible] what extent.

Lord John Russell rep[lied] [illegible] tions had not yet termina[ted] [illegible] mature to go into the [illegible] papers before the House. [illegible] been the object of Gover[nment] [illegible] rights and interests of B[illegible] there in those States.

Mr. Milner Gibson bro[ught] [illegible] able speech, resolutions; [illegible] duty on advertisements— [illegible] the cheap periodical pre[ss] [illegible] thirdly, to abolish the exc[ise] [illegible]

After an interesting de[bate] [illegible] tion to abolish the adv[ertisement duty was] agreed to without a divisi[on] [illegible] third were negatived by tw[illegible]

The Times states that [illegible] ceived by the Secretary o[illegible] don police having been [illegible] find proof that would crim[inate] [illegible] English Courts, early on [the] 14th, Kossuth's house in L[ondon] [illegible] by the police acting under a [illegible] warrant. A large store of a[illegible] materials of war were disc[overed] [illegible]

The German papers als[o] [illegible] arrests in Prussia were fro[m] [illegible] English police, who have [illegible] refugees.

In the House of Comm[ons] [illegible] Walmsley asked the Gover[nment] [illegible] ments concerning Kossu[th] [illegible] Great Britain has given [illegible] powers that refugees here [illegible] der surveillance.

Lord Palmerston replie[d] [illegible] been issued to search a h[ouse] [illegible] not occupied by Kossuth, i[illegible] quantity of rockets, shells [illegible] no assurances had been giv[en] [illegible] excepting that refugees wo[uld] [illegible] abuse the hospitality of En[gland] [illegible]

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

FACE THE MUSIC.

[illegible]

EXCITEMENT IN CINCINNATI.—Much excitement has been produced in consequence of the arrest of a preacher named Kirkland, at the order of Mayor Snelbaker, charged with preaching against the Roman Catholics in the street, and inciting to riot on Sunday. An indignation meeting was held by Protestants in reference to the conduct of the Mayor. The hall was intensely crowded, the prominent citizens of all parties taking part in the proceedings. A committee of 100 was appointed to wait on the Mayor and request him to resign.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30, 1853.

REMARKS—There has been a moderate amount of business doing during the past week, and on Saturday and Monday out-of-door operations was restricted by the wet weather. The Flour market is firmer since the receipt of the Humboldt's and Canada's advices. Meal, Wheat and Corn remain without change. Cotton has been attracting more attention, but at the close the market was dull. Coffee, Sugar, and Molasses are held firmly, but the transactions have been limited. The Coal market has undergone no change, excepting that supplies are going forward rather more freely from Richmond. In Fruit there has been but little doing. The Iron market is firm, but the want of stocks has materially restricted operations. In Naval Stores there has been more doing. In Oils no change. Provisions of all descriptions are held firmly, and there has been a fair inquiry. Cloverseed is exceedingly dull, and prices rather droop[ing]. [illegible]

[illegible]

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, APRIL 30.

ASHES—The market [illegible] bbls at $5 for Pots, and [illegible]

COTTON—The sales [illegible] market continues heavy. [illegible]

FLOUR, &c.—A mode[rate] [illegible] State Flour, and the m[illegible] portant change. Sales [illegible] for common to straight [illegible] to fancy Michigan and [illegible] Ohio, closing rather in [illegible] is rather more doing in [illegible] but is firmer. Sales of [illegible] Alexandria, Baltimore [illegible] of Rye Flour at $4,37½ [illegible] $3 for Jersey.

GRAIN—For Wheat [illegible] for export, but holders [illegible] views of purchasers. [illegible] 2,500 bushels at 98c. [illegible] 68c. For Corn there is [illegible] and distilling, and a fair [illegible] 36,000 bushels at 63a65c [illegible] arrive) 64c for white do, [illegible] for damaged in store. [illegible] of Jersey at 42a45c, and [illegible]

PROVISIONS—The Po[rk] [illegible] Sales of 400 bbls at $15, [illegible] for Mess and Prime. [illegible] for country Mess, $13 [illegible] 14.12½ for extra do, and [illegible] Prime. Sales of 300 [illegible] Hams at $14,50. Cut [illegible] Lard is only in moderat[e] [illegible] 250 bbls. Butter is sel[illegible] a22c for State. Cheese [illegible]

WHISKEY—The mark[et] [illegible] at 23a24½c. Dredge is [illegible]

TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF
DR. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS.

☞ It would be easy [illegible] cates of the excellence [illegible] it has had a trial, it h[as] [illegible]

[illegible]

ALMANAC.
[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots [illegible]

[illegible]

A NEW INVENTION.
[illegible] EXTERMINATOR.—On the [illegible]

[illegible] F. DAVID ROOT,
Blairsville, S. C.

THE KEY! THE KEY!!
TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
THIS GREAT WORK IS NOW READY.

80,000 COPIES PUBLISHED
FIRST EDITION;
59,300 ORDERED IN ADVANCE
OF PUBLICATION.

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Publishers.

[illegible]

ONE THOUSAND ERRORS IN THE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE CORRECTED.

NOTES AND EMENDATIONS TO THE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

[illegible]

BUILDING HARDWARE
AND
TOOL STORE EXCLUSIVELY.

[illegible]

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY

[illegible]

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

[illegible]

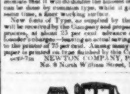
1,000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED
TO SELL PICTORIAL AND USEFUL WORKS FOR THE YEAR 1853.

1,000 DOLLARS A YEAR!

[illegible]

COPPER-FACED TYPE.

[illegible]



ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,

[illegible]

NEW FURNISHING DRY GOODS.

[illegible]

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One square (fourteen lines) one insertion,				$1.00
"	"	"	three months,	$20.00
"	"	"	six months,	$35.00
"	"	"	a year,	$60.00

Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

SEND 25 CENTS.
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Contains a COLORED PLATE OF THE LATEST FASHIONS and the most beautiful mezzotint May plate ever published—the best stories and essays, and a large assortment of Needle Work for the Ladies' Work Table, Music, &c.

1 year subscription $3. L. A. GODEY,
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IRON SAFE WAREHOUSE!
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JOHN FARREL,

Dealer in all kinds of Iron Safes and Money Chests, and is the only person in this State authorised to manufacture or sell the genuine "HERRING'S WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM SAFES." Second hand Safes and Chests of other makers having been received in part pay for Herring's, for sale at less than one-half first cost.

N. B. [illegible] TABLE TOPS, &c., &c., from the works of the celebrated "[illegible] Co.," on hand in great variety.

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COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE PINE TREES.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

Oh! solemn pines, your dark and dull,
Yet lofty boughs, that sweep the wind,
Strange memories in their airy keep
Of voices that have long since passed
That wild, weird sound! how the mind
Is borne back sympathetically and tender—
Some blue haven where it wearied
Waiting and moaning in my cage!

Beneath my bar the village lay
In a misty or a starlit sweep,
While, like mere specks, the moving men passed
Beneath and far to and close watch to keep.

Life tumbled past, the high threads upon
Its fine but real light of casual glimmer;
And from out its air of wicked power
A flood of dazzling radiance streamed.

And only, emerald banks between,
The river glided on to the sea;
Not pausing where cedars darkly leant,
Nor haloed where the mist silvery play

The western skies were all aflame;
A rosy mist hung o'er the hills—
And longing drove the moments wide.
Spotted and flecked the murmuring rills.

'T was a fair scene, and while I gazed
The slumber deepened on the earth,
And suddenly a single star
Threw trembling light amid the blue.

And I, a glad, light-hearted girl,
Beneath your shade, oh! stately trees,
Stood my young heart with hope and joy!
To meet the kisses of the breeze!

Again, as in my earlier years,
The pine boughs wave above my head,
The sky I see and love again,
And glory of the scene are fled!

The sky is now a leaden gauge—
The stream as ice, and all is hushed;
And, here and there, a snow-wreath lies
Upon the dark and dreary pines.

The winds are out—the shivering trees
Lift their bare branches high in air,
And wildly one does moan aloft,
Like a lost watching in despair!

Ah! yet near the church yard tree,
My childhood's playmate, stood I now,
Through blinding tears new mounds I see,
New graves where I as gay once trod!

But not in graves alone lie buried hearts,
Bought I your shade to-day ye pines,
Through many a bright and treacherous wound
Full memory to and such rent our strings!

Ah! let me mother bless my God
For all of good she possessed with both,
Softening still that Love and Hope
Which lead to life and death and pain.

Mine eye, perchance, some light hath lost,
My cheek is paler than of yore,
And Time, I know, hath borne away
Some joys he never can restore.

Yet hath he brought me deeper loves
And heftier trials, and purer aims,
And hopes as dear and bright as those
That o'er life's morn a radiance threw.

And even while, sad, dark of soul,
To whisper of the past to me,
A quiet heart hold communing with me,
As in a vision, I can see—

A home where children's merry laugh
Rings out from dawn to dusk and late,
Where my heart finds earnest rest,
Where love-lit eyes now watch for me!

Graham's Magazine.

Pictures of Life.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S DREAM IN THE CITY.

BY JOSEPH JENKINS.

I have just returned from a visit to Philadelphia, and am quite full of what I saw and heard. These matters, however, the things seen and the things heard, I reserve for my own friends, and for the benefit of my readers. I will tell you what I dreamed, for the solification, I hope, of all who profess to city and to country life.

I have some city cousins. They pass for wealthy, and not only so, but I know they are. And they like to live like other wealthy people, "with all the modern improvements," to the exaggerated extravagance have it. Brought a York wagon several years ago, and it is good yet. It serves the purpose of three or four at a time when needed. Indeed, it is like a larger vehicle, something like a rockaway, which will hold a dozen people. But when it comes to all the family, the old market dearborn is put in requisition, and a capital vehicle it is, too. Sufficiently strong for all of transportation and other middlemen, have superseded our old market trips: so the dearborn is always in order with a little dashing.—There is some need on the outside of these carriages, but it is reasonable. I see they could the number of winters each cousin has been in town by counting the circles in the wood. These carriages answer one purpose just well enough.

To return to our city cousins. They are always very glad to see us, when I just drop in to tea, and even when I am brought home to dinner. But I learned long since better than to quarter myself upon them, especially when I have a little relation, and cheerfully, I know: but at a public house they not unseemly endure, but welcome you, and that right heartily. I break up nobody's plans, and take up nobody's time, staying what time you please. There is put under constraint to entertain you; you disturb no family rest—since nobody is interrupted by your presence, as "a stranger," from telling his wife that the egg is underdone or overdone; and no poor beau is a woman's wrath visibly sparkles in her eyes before you, ready to let out as soon as you are out of hearing. There are no honest liar you can trust home, and an inn; and, between you and I, having been a housekeeper myself some five years, I do like an inn by way of exchange.—Tide, by the way.

Well, while in town during the late winter weather, and very severe it was, too, my heart was moved by the tales of distress I heard, and the scenes which I saw, for I verified the hearing with my own eyes. All that, as I presumed, I spare you. I had brought into Chesnut street and the butteries of fashion, such insects as fly even in frosty weather, and were there very gayest plumage just then. I wondered, considering the cold, whether they were any connection could be of the same fresh and floral as those whom I had left in the by-streets, or as that poor ragged menderer, with a sprig of myrtle with her hand open, at the street corner. The shorn-headed children, stuffed as they were, homely as so many little rabbits, were they brethren to the big-eyed urchin who whined out "a piece to give me a penny or a loaf of bread ?" I gave away all my loose change. I heard here under some benevolent donations, if my memory fairishness had not already been propelled to new investments. One must take care of his purse, you know.

But presently I saw a sight which interested me more than all the rest. Such a noble span of match horses! They were perfection. To be sure, they would not serve, like my old roan and gray, for saddle, then to harness, and then under the saddle, then in the reckaway, and afterwards in the threshing-machine. But they were beautiful to behold. The color was a beauty, in his way. There was no shoeing to be done to them, by the way, as I noticed. What sort of a Rebel sound Philadelphia is, if every driver of a horse shouted, and whooped, and shivered as we country-fellows do when we drive? I have a beautiful filly yet tobacco-juice. I will see what can be done with this creature without a noise. The first man or woman that shouts to her, shall drive her that time for the last. I don't care if it's the prince last aid roan will do to lead him that ten years you.

To return to the coachman. He handled his ribbons so gracefully as if he had been talking treat, and his horses heeded toward a brush, like a hitcher's after a string. And the carriage behind him, it would have been a pleasure to be built without spilling, it moved so below-like on its springs. And the footmen behind, he looked as if the whole concern, coachman, all, was his, black and beauty. I could not help looking hard at that satellite-behind, as it drew up before Leary's, and stepped with as little fuss as a lady in a dressing-room. My! it was beautiful, and I could better I've said it. I looked hard, in fact I stared, and so intently did I regard the equipage, that I did not notice the occupant, until a bronze voice cried out,

"Why, Cousin Joseph! is that you?"

And then I perceived that this carriage was no other than Cousin Henry's, the fame whereof had penetrated even into our distant county, with many expostulations and suggestions some more and additions. There was not a bookseller in that state but what